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VOL. II.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

NO. 29.

FINE CLOTHING

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Dangerous Whims.

Many of the old women's whims—and of the old men's, too—have come down from the very hags of ancient heathenism. The negroes of the South still practice charms brought from their ancestors in the slave-ships from Africa, and Virgil represents Queen Dido as preparing, through her sister's aid, a charm learned from an Ethiopian sorcerer.

Nothing is harder to get rid of than superstitious notions. The great Dr. Johnson was a slave to one. Many a New England farmer refuses to plant in the "dark of the moon." A learned college professor once told us that he would rather not see the new moon over his left shoulder. The howling of a dog is a very "bad sign" to not a few. A "beat" in the "raining cup" in teates to many a wiser company be ore the day ends.

Such whims and scores of others can be laughed at, as they wend their way from simpleton to simpleton down the ages. But there is another sort of old whims that are more serious in their effects, for they commend themselves by a show of truth.

Eating chalk, slate pencils, etc., gives the coveted delicacy—of disease. Drinking vinegar renders one thin and slim, by arresting salivary digestion.

Most of the nostrums for the removal of corpulency act by undermining. Faith. The London *Lancet* says there are seven cases on record of young girls biting off and swallowing the ends of their hair to give them clear voices, in one of which it resulted in causing tumors of the stomach and intestines.

It adds a more recent case of several school-mates indulging in the habit. One of them, fifteen years old, had practiced it for four years. For three years she had suffered from acute dyspepsia. A tumor was at once noticed, and her sufferings became so severe that the stomach was opened through the side, when a black and solid mass of hair mixed with vegetable matter was discovered! She got well at once on its removal.—*Youths' Companion*

Funerals in Japan.

Japanese funerals are always conducted at sunset, in accordance with a superstition that is rather beautiful than otherwise. The procession is headed by priests and a company of musicians, who play upon samisens and beat tom-toms. The coffin is a wooden tub, in which the deceased is squatting as he has lived, with his feet tucked under him. There is this difference, however: The face of the dead man is looking toward the north, whereas this position is religiously avoided by the living Japanese. Indeed, the points of the compass are frequently marked on the ceilings of sleeping rooms that the sleeper may arrange his mats so as to avoid this unfavorable position. The wealthy class is buried in earthen jars instead of wooden tubs, but the mode of arrangement is the same.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

When the State is corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.

A true woman fears more than an army the appearance of evil.

The worst of villains do not like to portray themselves in their true colors.

"LONG STICKS."

Methods of Chinese Gamblers and Gamblers of Leisure in New York.

Mr. Ah Wong, ex-editor of the late *Chinese American*, of New York, believes that the proper study of mankind is man, and that prominently his own proper study is Chinamen, and he has been investigating the life and habits of his brethren in Mott street and its vicinity.

"Do you know," he said to a *Times* reporter, "that there are 300 Chinese dudes in Mott street who toil not and neither do they spin, and yet who live upon the fat of the land?"

"No," said the reporter. "Do you?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Wong. "When you go into a Chinese grocery store you think that the commotion and crowd indicate a great deal of business prosperity, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, it doesn't necessarily, but it means a flourishing gambling business. There are at present in New York, and all within one block in Chinatown, just 300 of the most civilized Chinamen on earth, who accomplish more work than their American brethren would give them credit for. They are gentlemen of leisure, seemingly, but they are making money, and enjoy life better than any of the hard-working Chinamen who day and night swing their polishing irons all over the city. This class is called by the Chinese Kwong Queens, or Long Sticks, because they own nothing and yet possess wealth. They may be found by the scores in Chinatown, every day, either smoking opium or chatting in any of the grocery stores or various shops. They pay exorbitant prices to the storekeepers for the privilege of lodging and occasionally eating among them, and thus pass themselves off on strangers as attaches of the place. These gentlemen never retire until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, and they rise at about the same hour in the afternoon. They live and dress in the prevailing Chinese style.

About 20 or 30 of these Chinese dudes are gamblers, and each owns a small American safe, and in these are tens of thousands of dollars in ready money. These are the men who run the Fan Ton shops, or gambling houses of Mott street. The attaches of these 20 or 30 Fan Ton bosses, or gamblers, constitute the main portion of the Chinese dudes. They are generally shrewd, smart men, who consider manual labor of any kind a degradation and a sin. They do not live quite so luxuriously as the Fan Ton bosses, but still their clothes are imported from Canton, and they eat good food. These attaches are divided into four classes—'Do Shos,' 'Nid Wens,' 'Han Tons,' and 'Tom Sans.'

The 'Do Shos' play openly and directly against the bank, and they are generally gamblers from China of experience and skill. Many of them come from China with only a few hundred dollars and go back again in a few months with thousands. Notwithstanding they are opposed to the Fan Ton men, these latter repose the utmost confidence in them in regard to money matters. I have frequently known a Do Sho to run short of cash while gaming at the table, and have seen the dealer take his word for amounts as high as \$1000. When he wins he either pays it back on the spot or sends it to the dealer by a servant the next day. The Nid Wens, or paupers, are generally habitual opium smokers, who gamble only when they can get hold of a little money, and are generally broke about 360 days in the year. The Han Tons are 'stealers,' who stand outside of the Fan Ton dens every afternoon and evening, calling to the Chinese passer-by: 'Tan la fa chi la' or 'The Fan Ton within! Go and make your fortune!' They are paid by the Fan Ton bosses about \$5 per week, with a percentage on all the 'suckers' they seduce inside, and occasionally a winner gives him a dollar or two. The Tom Sans, interpreted into English, means a 'Pull coat-tail fellow.' These are the poor hangers-on, who look like Pekin beggars. They can be seen at all hours crouching against the gaming table. They watch the game closely, and are invariably the first to know which way the game goes and to announce the winners. They also play for beginners and those who are green in the business, and the 'Pull coat-tail fellow' gets a small commission when his client wins. There you have the 200 or 300 Chinese dudes or gentlemen of leisure accounted for."

"But where does the money come from that keeps the bank running profitably and allows the Do Sho to take thousands of dollars back to China?"

"From the stupid green laundymen and the 200 or 300 Chinese sailors and cigar-makers. Many of these make handsome salaries and large profits annually and then lose all their winnings in the Fan Ton shops. Any one who can't believe we can see for himself. Just let him go to any of these store-

houses from No. 4 to No. 20 Mott street and he will find no goods or merchandise, but a lot of tables and stools and a crowd of Chinamen from noon to midnight. The observer can guess what it means. A young Chinaman has recently started a society to influence Chinese youths against Mott street's alluring Fan Ton shops. It costs \$5 to belong, and the members swear never to take part in games of chance, on the penalty of a fine of not more than \$50 and to give the members a banquet. There are already several hundred members, and among them several reformed gamblers."

Chloroform as a Stimulant.

Dr. Stephen W. Roof said to a New York *Sun* reporter: "Unquestionably, the use of chloroform as a stimulant has declined of late years, but there is still a great deal of the drug consumed in that way. It is by no means easy to determine who are the chloroform drunkards, for they are almost all women, and women are very secretive and cunning when it comes to doing what they know is wrong. They will buy small quantities of the fluid from different drug stores, where they are not known, and under various pretexts. Often they will get it in the form of a very strong chloroform liniment, when they simply purpose inhaling it, but wish to conceal the fact. There are almost as many women who use sulphuric ether in that way as there are who take chloroform, but the latter is most likely to be preferred, as it is sweeter and pleasanter. When the evil effects of hydrate of chloral were exposed a number of years ago, at a time when it was a popular drug for those who sought intoxication other than alcoholic, a good many women were badly scared, but, unable to drop everything of the sort, turned from it to chloroform and ether. The habit of getting drunk on such things becomes fixed, just as the habit of liquor drinking does, but it is less likely to spread and make new permanent victims, because there is no sociability about these drug drinks. People who resort to them do so positively and solely for the sensual and selfish gratification of inebriation. And they do not afford the satisfaction that drinking men want and find in liquor. If you saturate a cloth with chloroform or ether, throw it over your face and breathe the fumes, you will have a very brief exhilaration, say for a minute or two, and then all will be gone, except, perhaps, a little feeling of nausea. To get drunk as a drinking man can with liquor, it is necessary to keep on saturating the cloth at short intervals."

"Women who have a tendency to hysteria are those most likely to resort to the use of chloroform and ether. Of course, temporary relief is obtained, but the ultimate consequence is an aggravation of the complaint, and those drugs will induce a mental and physical condition like *mania a potu*, just as certainly as liquor will. I knew of a woman a few years ago, the wife of an excellent gentleman, a down-town merchant, who was a slave to ether. She was one of a family of six children, who all had an inherited predisposition to drunkenness. Every little while the craving would come upon her for an ether spree. She would have a violent fit of hysteria, and to quiet her the husband was obliged to supply her with ether. He used to buy it in quantity from a wholesale house, and she would empty pound bottles by the dozen. Each of her ether sprees would last about two weeks. During that time she would shut herself up in her room, and so much of the drug did she use that the smell of it would enter the adjoining houses, and even reach the street, although she was on the third floor. It killed her eventually."

Qualifications of a Good Sea Cook.

A sea cook is a peculiar character, requiring a special training. He must know how to prepare a sea-hash out of salt-horse flavored with onions, incrustated with the variegated browns of polished mahogany, and savory enough to create an appetite in a stomach that the tossing waves have rendered as sensitive as the needle of a compass. He must also understand how to make eatable bread, and take his duff out of the kettle on Sunday as light as cotton and as delicate as sponge-cake. Besides this, he must know how to economize in the use of water and provisions; and, more difficult yet, he must contrive to keep the crew satisfied with the mess he cooks for them, while at the same time he looks out sharply for the interests of his employer and the captain. He must also be proof against the worst weather and undeviatingly punctual to the hours of meals. It goes without saying that it is not an easy thing to find such a paragon in the galley; but when he is there, he is, next to the captain, by far the most important character on board.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

The same refinement which brings us new pleasures exposes us to new pain.

We pass seldom from love to ambition, but we seldom return from ambition to love.

You may gain knowledge by reading, but you must separate the wheat from the chaff by thinking.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character.

A man's virtue should be measured, not by his occasional exertions, but by the doings of his ordinary life.

The known wishes of a loved one who has died are often far more potent than were strong entreaties when urged face to face.

Fame, as a river, is narrower where it is bred, and broadest afar off, so exemplary writers depend not upon the gratitude of the world.

The gratification which wealth can bestow is not in mere possession, nor in lavishing it with prodigality, but in the wise application of it.

A man who cannot model a perfect statue may yet erect a lamp-post, and place thereon a light which shall save many a wanderer from stumbling.

It has ever been the chief misfortune of potentates that they are surrounded by a dead wall of courtiers that excludes every rude but warning sound.

Defences of the Lower Animals.

Some of the higher animals illustrate the manner in which Nature contrives to furnish special measures of precaution for its little-gifted, unarmed, and helpless creatures. The absence of teeth in the edentates is offset by shields or scale-armor; helpless beetles are furnished with hard wing-cases; the pheasants, quails, and larks of the fields are hidden from the keen vision of birds of prey by their earthy color, birds of the river and sea-shore by their resemblance in color to the sand and shingle.

Protection is required by the lower animals chiefly against the weather and parasites and other external enemies. Frequently the place of their abode is their only and ordinarily a sufficient protection, as is the case with earthworms and burrowing larvae, woodworms and fruit-borers. But such animals appear to be afflicted with particular enemies peculiarly fitted to hunt them out in their otherwise secure fortresses—in the shape of moles, molecrickets, long-nosed hedgehogs, shrew-mice, and swine, hook-billed lapwings, and sharp-tongued woodpeckers. Frequently, also, each animal is defended by some special relation peculiar to its species. Insects, which in their comparatively brief state of maturity are secured by their powers of flight, have to be guarded in their three previous conditions of egg, larva, and pupa, against hosts of enemies to which they would otherwise be an easy prey and a palatable food. In the condition of the apparently lifeless and really helpless egg, they are covered by their obscurity and littleness, or by being deposited in holes and cracks, or covered with slime or hairy or silken veils and cocoons, under which they escape all but the sharpest search and rare accidents.

Farmers' Sons.

The grandest product of the farm is the boys and girls. In every avenue of life where thrift, capacity and energy are required, the man who pushes to the front is the son of a farmer. He has the intelligence. There is a sort of broad common sense running through his acts. He has a constitution that can endure labors. It is a notable fact that in the colleges of our country the best students are the boys from the farm. In the workshop, in the halls of legislation, at the bar, in the pulpit, ninety-nine hundredths of men who stand upon the summit were once boys on the farm. They went barefooted, wore patched clothes, and worked for their bread. Almost half of the people in this country reside in towns. Where are the town boys in the race of life? Fooling, curling their hair, polishing their boots, while the rough country boy is plunging along to fame. With a book under one arm, and a few extra clothes in his hand, he passes the elegant home of the town boy, and he looks in on ease and luxury almost for the first time. He may be called a tramp, and be refused a crust of bread: one day he will return and buy the mortgage-covered house. Where did that boy get his noble purpose and his unflinching courage? They were born in him on a farm, they were woven into his fibre by early years of toil; the warp and woof of his life were threads of gold.

Herecs.

Alas for men! that they should be so blind; That they should find these scourges of their kind; Call each man glorious who has led a host, And him most glorious who has murdered most.

Alas! that men should lavish upon these The most obsequious homage of their knees— The most obsequious flattery of their tongue; That these alone should be by poets sung; That good men's names should be to oblivion fall, But those of heroes fill the mouths of all! That those who labor in the arts of peace, Making the nations prosper and increase, Should fill a nameless and unhonored grave, Their worth forgotten by the crowds they save—

But that the leaders who depose the earth, Fill it with tears, and quench its children's mirth, Should with their statues block the public way,

And stand adored as demi-gods for aye! False greatness! where the pedestal for me, Is on the heads of multitudes undone! False admiration! given, not understood; False glory! only to be gained by blood.

—Charles Mackay

HUMOROUS.

Two heads are better than one, particularly in a barrel.

The Canada woods invite bald-headed men—there's so much hair around.

Tennyson's latter-day poetry probably suggested the idea of making him barren in name as well as nature.

The cat is the great American prima donna. If boot jacks were bouquets, her nine lives would be strewn with roses.

The cattle plague—The cow that opens the garden-gate with her horns, and proceeds to banquet on the geraniums and lettuce.

A carpet is a good deal like a boy, it needs an occasional beating. The boy you should beat yourself, but you must let the boy beat the carpet.

The Japanese used to have such a high sense of honor that they would commit suicide if caught in any bad business. Now they fee a lawyer, and plead not guilty.

Quite excusable: "I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late." My dear sir," replied the lady, graciously, "no pardons are needed. You can never come too late."

A Montana justice of the peace has been fined \$50 for marrying an eloping couple. He is now trying to figure up his profit on the transaction, his fee being an order on the bride's father for a ton of coal.

An agricultural paper says: "To keep flies from horses brush them lightly with a brush that has been lately used in petroleum." Boss! You brush a fly with a single or anything that comes handy and he'll go away.

It should occasion no alarm that there were less than \$5,000 worth of diamonds exported from the Cape from August to November of last year. You will be able to get just as large pieces of paste for five dollars in this country as you ever did.

Very correct spinster: "Never mind, Mabel, you will soon be better. Why, I often did the same thing myself when I was a little girl." (N. B.—Mabel has bumped her head falling.) Mabel (a bright idea suggesting itself): "Oh, I see! That's what papa means when he says you are cracked." (Catastrophe.)

Society After the Revolution.

It was a period of much social display. Class distinctions still prevailed strongly, for the French revolution had not yet followed the American revolution to sweep them away. Employers were still called masters; gentlemen still wore velvet, damasks, knee-breeches, silk stockings, silver buckles, ruffled shirts, voluminous cravats, scarlet cloaks. The revolution had made many poor, but it had enriched many, and money was lavishly spent. People gave great entertainments, kept tankards of punch on the table for morning visitors of both sexes, and returned in sedan-chairs from evening parties. Dr. Manasseh Cutler went to a dinner party of forty-four gentlemen at the house of General Knox, just before his appointment as Secretary of War. All the guests were officers of the late Continental army, and every one, except Cutler himself, wore the badge of the society of the Cincinnati. On another occasion he dined there with a French nobleman; the dinner was served "in high style, much in the French style." Mrs. Knox seemed to him to mimic "the military style," which he found "very disgusting in a female." This is his description of her head-dress: "Her hair in front is scraped at least a foot high, much in the form of a churn bottom upward, and topped off with a wire skeleton in the same form, covered with black gauze, which hangs in streamers down her back. Her hair behind is in a large braid, and confined with a monstrous crooked comb."